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The New Northwest.

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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

OR,

More Ways of Living than One.

BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY,

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "SELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

After the funeral services were over, the sorrowing mourners returned to the home of Captain Emerson, which was now five years older, and of course yellower and dingier and more dilapidated by just five years than when the reader saw it first. Here a long parley was held as to the proper disposition of the motherless children of John Anders. The idea that their father should have been their custodian, as their only surviving parent, did not once occur to any member of either family, much less did the possibility of such a proceeding present itself to John Anders.

Most men are utterly helpless when there is a prospect of their becoming the sole protectors of little children. And this is well. Nature has assigned that work to woman. Let her be protected, blessed and properly sustained in that domain, and she will voluntarily seek no other.

Mrs. Anders, *mere*, dear, apple-faced, pains-taking, kind-hearted house-wife that she was, was the first to make a decided move on the checker-board of speculative maternal philosophy.

"At my time of life I couldn't think of being burdened with children," she said, earnestly, "and yet, I can't see how they are to get on, poor dears."

"If everybody'd talk and act like that, it *would* be a hard skein for John's young ones to unravel," indignantly replied Mrs. Emerson.

Mrs. Anders did not appear to notice this palpable hit.

"I can take John home, and care for *him*, just the same as before poor Lillie died," she continued. "Indeed, I've often pitied the poor fellow. He's had a hard time, being broke of rest nights, and waiting so much on a sickly, nervous wife."

"He looks as if matrimony had gone hard with him, poor fellow!" exclaimed Grace, her lip curled in disdain.

John bowed his head and blushed deeply.

"Never mind what mother says," he replied, deprecatingly. "I was always the only child, you know."

"Yes, I know; and I've often thought it a great pity that your wife couldn't have been transformed into one of your mother's house-cats, so she might have grown as sleek and comfortable under her tutelage as you and the cats have done."

"Grace!"

It was Captain Emerson's time to speak.

"What, father?"

"I'm amazed to hear you express yourself like that. There's no better man lives than John Anders, and you mustn't flout him or his mother in my house. I've had opportunity during the past five years to note his conduct carefully, and I say here, to his face, that I esteem and love him for his uniform good behavior. He is rigidly moral and strictly honest—never swears, never gets drunk or cross, and has never cheated me or any other man out of a dollar. It doesn't become you to put on too many airs about husbands, Grace."

"If a husband is to be judged as such only by his dealings with the world, or with his father-in-law, I suppose you have the best of the argument," retaliated Grace, "though in the simplicity of my soul I had imagined that a wife was of more consequence to a good husband than all else in existence. I am judging my brother-in-law as a husband by the result of his experiment as such. I sum up like this: Five years; four babies; buried wife."

"I was always kind and forbearing with Lillie. I never was a bad husband," cried John; "my mother will tell you so."

"I know," said Grace, "you never whipped your wife; you never starved her; you never turned her out of doors. You let her have all the clean clothes for the use of yourself and the children that she could make and wash and mend; you gave her enough to eat, from the food she prepared three times daily for your large household to keep her from starving, and you'd have been a fool to turn her out of doors if you had wanted to, seeing she had to be inside most of the time to do all that work."

Grace expected that he would grow angry, but he didn't. John Anders had a conscience, and it was beginning to awaken rapidly under her vigorous treatment. He bowed his head upon his hands and wept aloud.

"Before I'd submit to any such a raking from any woman, I'd give her a piece of my mind, even if she *was* my dead wife's sister!" exclaimed Mrs. Anders, in one of the most decided speeches she had ever indulged in her life.

"I deserve it all, and I like Grace all the more for speaking the truth so fearlessly," was the humble rejoinder.

"Then," said Grace, "let us proceed to business. Now that you know why your children are motherless, and are willing to acknowledge the truth, I am ready to make provision for the little waifs."

"*You?* O, Grace! I did not dare to hope that you would help me, seeing you blame me so much. What proposition have you to make?"

"Your mother," replied Grace, "washes her hands of further maternal responsibility than that required to keep you fed and housed and warmed. My mother is too old and rheumatic—"

"Laws, honey!" interrupted Mrs. Emerson, "you needn't be thinkin' o' me. There never yet was a will but a way followed it. There's room in my heart for the whole bilin' of 'em. And the baby's a boy, too; so much like my own pore baby of the long ago that God wanted. *I must have him, anyhow.*"

"But, mother, how can you? You won't be pestered with hired help, and you're not able to take care of yourself, and further, you must resign the babies all to me."

"How can *you* manage 'em, if *I* can't, I'd like to know?" cried the good creature, raising her voice to a high minor pitch, and fairly quivering with intensity of feeling.

"I'm my own master, mother dear. I can buy what I want, and sell what I choose, hire whom I please, and go where I want to and come when I get ready. In short, I'm out of the other folks' harness, and can carry my own baggage, and such other as suits me upon my own shoulders, and no thanks to anybody."

"But you'll find all that changed when you fill your house with these young autocrats, my daughter," wisely commented Captain Emerson.

"No, I won't, will I, dearie?" she asked, turning to Nancy Shaddon, who sat beside her in embarrassed silence, Essie standing at her knee, and one of Lillian's motherless infants in her lap.

"I'll help you, and I think you are doing exactly right to keep them together," said Nancy, blushing painfully as all eyes were turned upon her.

And so, after a great deal of parleying, and small talk among the men, and a great deal of planning and small talk among the women, it was settled that Grace should have her way, as she had always had it. In a little while she became so fully absorbed in her new duties that her life flew by her like the wind. Very different proved her home with five little children within its walls and grounds, from the quiet, orderly retreat it had been prior to the advent of her deceased sister's flock. Little Essie grew and throve anew in the congenial atmosphere of so many companions, and Nancy Shaddon, who became *factotum* in the house, improved as rapidly as did the little ones. No one ever surprised her into betraying the relationship between herself and Essie.

"When she gets old enough to fall in love with somebody, and begins to contemplate matrimony, we'll tell her. Time enough then," Grace would sometimes say by way of gentle admonition lest the poor girl might, in an unguarded moment, betray a fact which they both felt would prove detrimental to the child's social position, and possibly cloud her matrimonial fate, should it become the talk of the neighborhood.

The immense business interests that Grace had inaugurated before the advent of her sister's children in her house and heart, were sufficiently engrossing to have fully occupied a far less active brain than hers. But, woman-like, she rose to meet every new emergency, with fresh zeal and renewed inspiration. One day, a year after the children of John and Lillian Anders had become inmates of her home, she left the house and rode over the hill into a gulch to look after the work of erecting a mammoth grist-mill, which had grown very near completion, and which she was extremely anxious to have ready for productive industry by or before the approaching harvest. Her way ran by a bridle-path, into which her horse turned unbidden.

"I'll let him go as he likes," she said, half audibly. "He'll take me down through the timber, where I last met Alonzo. Poor, miserable fellow! How dearly he reaped the reward of his wickedness! I wish I might meet old Shaddon there once more. I'd like to tell him all about his daughter."

Thus ruminating, she rode leisurely along till, almost unaware, she reached the very place of which she had been deeply thinking. Upon the log above the spot where old man Shaddon had avenged his daughter's ruin by the death of her betrayer, a sated vulture sat. At the same instant, an odor, sickening, overpowering, awful, filled her throat and mouth, and she felt that she would swoon. Quick as thought she lashed her frightened horse and brought him around, in spite of his reluctance, till the balmy April wind blew strong in her face between her and the carcass.

In a moment the horse grew calm, and she dismounted, the vulture, at her near approach, slowly raising his wings and soaring away with hesitancy, as though loth to relinquish a feast to which sundry others of his kind were now approaching through the air.

Grace drew very near the dead carcass, protecting her breath with her long riding veil. The body was that of a stalwart man, swollen to twice its natural size by the process of decomposition. The eyes were plucked out and the face was gone, but in the clutched left hand a paper was visible.

Grace did not mean to violate a human statute, and yet she did it. Instead of calling a coroner and thereby taking pains to give a bevy of idle men an opportunity to hold an inquest and pocket the fees, she unconsciously took the law into her own hands—at least for the nonce. She stooped over the half-putrid carcass and took the paper from the clutching, swollen hand.

To her surprise, it was addressed to herself. With trembling fingers she tore the envelope, and opening the missive, read as follows:

I am not fit to live. I die of remorse, and by my own bad hand. I have taken aconite. I knew you would not betray me, but I could not bear to go to your house and meet you face to face. And yet, I could not live unless I could see my child and beg her to forgive me. So, I die. My will is recorded in the county archives, and in it I have not forgotten her. I know all. Bury me, but do not betray me. God bless you. THE OLD MAN SHADDON.

That was all. Grace moved hurriedly away, exposed the letter for a moment to the breeze, and mounting, rode on in the direction of the mills, first carefully concealing the missive in her ample pockets. On her way she met John Anders, who had of late become a much more frequent visitor at her home than formerly.

"I am glad to meet you," she said, extending her gloved hand, upon which the taint of human decomposition yet lingered.

"Are you, indeed?" he replied, reddening. It was the first time that she had ever given him that much personal encouragement.

"I wish you might be always glad to see me," he added, after a pause.

"This is no time for sentiment or compliment, John. Read that," she said, diving into her pocket and bringing forth the letter.

John read as he was bidden, his brow darkening.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," he said, bitterly, as he set his teeth hard.

"True, unless he transgresses against a woman," replied Grace. "The old man murdered Alonzo, as you know, and he has lived in daily fear of exposure from that day to this."

"And it has only been to please you and Lillian that I have not long ago delivered him over to the mercy of the law. I think it was too bad to cheat the hangman of his dues in his case," was John's rejoinder. "And now what do you propose to do?"

"Keep that letter sacred and secret, for your perusal and mine and Nancy Shaddon's. I'll inform the coroner that I have found a body. It will remain for him to discover its identity. After the burial, we'll tell dearie."

"It seems to me that you set uncommon store by that girl, Grace."

"And so I should. She's as good as gold. I am satisfied that she is just as chaste as her own true heart could let her be. I never saw a more exemplary woman, nor one more deserving of the broadest charity. She has a quick, intuitive intellect, and is wise in most things far beyond her years."

"Then you prefer to keep this letter to yourself?"

"I do."

"But it's against the law."

"What do I care for the law? I have no interest in it further than to pay its taxes."

"But they'll put me on oath, and I'll have to tell that I saw the letter."

"Very well. Then I'll never tell you anything again!" and Grace whipped her horse into a canter.

John Anders was nonplussed. It is singular to observe the elasticity of the human conscience under certain circumstances. Much as John wanted to figure before the community as the confident and successful suitor of Grace, he did long to be sure of his prize before presuming too much on her patience. He put spurs to his steed and soon overtook her.

"*Say!*" he exclaimed, in the common vernacular of those who desire the person addressed to let them do the "saying" that they are commanding others to do, "Say!"

Grace reined her horse and listened.

"You needn't tell anybody at the mills that you've told me anything about that suicide. Nobody will imagine that I know, for I've come from the ferry to-day. Just go on, and I'll return to the house. I had just started out to meet you."

On the front veranda sat Nancy Shaddon, with Essie and the four half-orphaned children of John Anders playing in groups about her like so many butterflies.

"Hallos!" cried John, alighting and hurrying up the walk, the bevy of children heralding his approach with clapping hands and loud exclamations of delight.

"Upon my word, Miss Nancy, you're the fairest flower here," he said, bowing gallantly, as taking two of the children in his arms he dropped carelessly into a rustic seat and allowed them to tumble his hair and whiskers to their hearts' content.

"Don't make pretty speeches to me," the girl replied loftily. "I do not deserve them."

"If you'd once hear Mrs. Snowden's eulogies upon you, you would not talk like that," was the rejoinder.

"When women pass compliments upon others they mean what they say; but I long ago learned to look upon all men as liars!" cried the girl angrily.

"And why, pray?"

Her vehemence amused him. Strange that he could so soon forget the ghastly spectacle of which Grace had just told him, rotting out in the deep shade of the wildwood, the prey of flies and vultures.

"Because I owe all my miseries and misfortunes to men, and all of the little good I have ever received has come from women," said the girl. "You know my history, and so there's no use in my attempting to disguise it from you. For awhile I was a raving maniac. I believe I was possessed of seven devils. Sometimes they begin to get hold of me now, but they never conquer me entirely unless some man calls me beautiful, and then I get furious. That's what he used to call me. I was afraid you would repeat his words, and then I should have *brained* you."

The girl had risen to the very tips of her toes, and as she stood there shaking her head and gazing away into vacancy the visitor felt a little afraid of her in spite of himself.

"All men are not bad, poor child," he ventured to say in a persuasive tone.

"So *she* tells me, and yet, she has had no better cause than I to think well of men, except that her father is good, and I sometimes fancy you are good, too."

"Nancy, will you never forgive your father for deserting you as he did?"

"Never, sir; never!"

"But what if he were dead?"

"He has long been dead to me, as he is."

"But, suppose he had asked your pardon before he died. What then?"

"I'd hate him worse than ever."

"Why?"

"Because it is too late for repentance to bring restitution. It is not his fault that I am not a beggar or an outcast. But for Gracie, dear, good angel that she is, I would to-day be called a maniac. Did I ever tell you how I got away from the asylum?"

John Anders looked at the radiant girl as she stood before him under the swaying willow branches, and marveled at her grace and ease and shrewdness.

"No, sprite; you have never told me, nor anyone else, that I know of. How was it?"

The girl laughed merrily.

"That's my secret," she answered, after a pause, and then, seeing Grace approach on horseback, she excused herself and ran to meet her.

[To be continued.]

Why They Should Vote.

Rev. Joseph Cook gives the following reasons why women should be allowed to vote in cases of local option as to temperance laws:

It is more difficult for a woman to obtain a livelihood alone than for a man to do so, and she has a deeper interest than a man in the home.

Woman's love of home is the natural antagonist of the enemies of the home, and among them perhaps the most mischievous is intemperance.

Woman is less intemperate than man, and she could be trusted to give a purer vote on temperance laws.

Woman is less complicated with party intrigue and political ambition, with desire for office and with business at large, and so would be more true than men to give a vote on the merits of the case.

A temperance vote by women would be a test by which the theory of Woman Suffrage could be tried on a restricted scale without danger.

It would be an entering wedge, but only an appeal to experience, and the latter, as it should reveal good or bad tendencies in the theory, would decide the result.

Rum-sellers oppose the temperance vote of women. I suppose nothing has ever stirred the rum-sellers of Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati quite so much as this movement to give the temperance vote to women. If you will show me what rum-sellers do not want, I will show you what I want.

The temperance vote is asked for by women in overwhelming numbers, most of whom are not female suffragists.

Such a change as woman's temperance ballot asks for is not connected with high theories as to natural rights to suffrage, nor as to property qualifications.

Under English law, women paying taxes can vote in municipal and town elections, and this wider privilege, which has worked well, includes the narrower one of woman's temperance vote.

In questions where the decision is so easy as that between license and no license, woman's vote would not often be unintelligent, and it would not add to the mass of the ignorant suffrage.

In questions so important to the home as those relating to temperance laws, woman's vote would not often be unused, and so would not add essentially to the dangers of absenteeism at the polls, and of unexercised suffrage.—*Exchange.*

OUTDONE BY A BOY.—A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chafing him about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"And what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It goeth out like a bad five-cent cigar, and it leaveth many a wreck behind; yea, the closing week of the lion and lamb-like month was fraught with heavy wets and boisterous winds, and many discomfits and much dissatisfaction prevailed even to the end. April showers are now in order, while the budding beauties of the flowery kingdom uplift their heads to the bright sunshine and drink in the vivifying dew that droppeth on the earth beneath, and so forth, as it might be. The week just closed (owing, probably, to the dull and deceitful weather) was not provocative of extraordinary returns at the theaters, nor did it bring untold happiness to the wearily-waiting, watchful eyes of the custodians of our surplus revenue. The subscriptions to the four per cent. loan on Wednesday amounted to over eight millions, and yesterday another large subscription was received, amounting to over five millions. This large increase over the average of the subscriptions received during the past few weeks has naturally excited considerable comment, especially as to the locality from whence the subscription came. On inquiry at the sub-treasury yesterday as to the recent subscribers, I learned that of the eight millions subscribed on Wednesday, one-half came from a bank in this city, which has all along been the heaviest purchaser of these bonds, and the remainder came from other banks also in this city which have been investing largely in fours. Yesterday a subscription of two millions and a half came from a bank here, and another million dollar subscription from a Boston bank. There were small subscriptions received from all parts of the country, but the bulk came as usual from New York. These facts seem to show that the heavy subscriptions from the banks were not made for speculative purposes, but were to meet a genuine demand for bonds. For the profits arising from the commission paid on large subscriptions were very much lessened by the necessity of buying from the Government at par and selling at from one-half to one-quarter per cent. below par. The true explanation of these extraordinary subscriptions may be found in the general lack of safe investments for capital. During the past two or three weeks the anticipated demand for money to meet the April settlements has produced a security in the money market and has increased the rates for money from three to seven per cent. In consequence capital has been diverted from investment in the four per cents. Since the Secretary of the Treasury has given notice that he will anticipate the redemption of the bulk of 5-20 bonds maturing in April, and will receive them in payment of any subscriptions to the four per cent. loan, the money market has been much easier and the apprehended difficulty in making the April settlements considerably lessened. The money market thus relieved, capital naturally seeks again investment in the four per cent. A prominent treasury official said yesterday that, in his opinion, the four per cent. bonds would soon advance to a premium of one per cent.

Business seems to multiply on the hands of the Presbytery of Brooklyn, which at first commenced operations on one minister, but now has in addition six contumacious church members to deal with. The committee which formulated the charges against Dr. Talmage presented a formidable list of witnesses to prove the accusations. The "true inwardness" of how this committee was deluded into believing that these gentlemen knew anything against Talmage, is as yet an unwritten bit of history. The six witnesses having been twice cited, and having twice refused to have anything to do with the trial, they are, by a rule of the Book of Discipline, excommunicated until they repent. Instead of being sorry, they read the Presbytery a lecture for its folly in going into the Talmage trial at all, and this fills the prosecutors exceedingly full of indignation. Among the spectators on Wednesday I noticed Henry Ward Beecher, who enjoyed the fun that pervaded a great portion of the proceedings on that day. The laughter was most unseemly, and arose at times out of the gravest motions. A proposition to sing a hymn while waiting for a witness created merriment, which was redoubled when "Blest be the tie that binds" was named, probably from the feeling that it would be ridiculous for the members of the Presbytery to assume an appearance even of fellowship.

The unloading of the United States ship "Supply" and the merchant ship "Trimountain," which brought returned goods from the Paris Exposition, was, owing to the system adopted in shipping and to the facilities given by the custom-house authorities at New York, completed with very little delay and expense. Each exhibitor having been required to file an invoice of his goods before they left the United States and a return invoice when they were shipped from Paris, the confusion and loss which attended the return of the goods from the Paris Exposition of 1867 and from the Vienna Exposition of 1873 were entirely avoided. A large part of the goods were taken from the wharf in Brooklyn by the exhibitors, and those remaining have been stored in the bonded warehouse of Messrs. Martin & Fay. The American pictures, which had been loaned for the exhibition, were found to be in excellent condition, and have been restored to their owners, among whom may be named ex-Governor Morgan, Park Goodwin, Senator Jones, William E. Dodge, Jr., and Whitelaw Reid. A number of American pictures were sold in Paris to the national lottery at prices ranging from $200 to $600. Four of the American artists received awards, viz., W. P. W. Dana, F. A. Bridgman, John Lafarge and Walter Shirlaw. The remaining goods to be returned to this country are upon the United States ship "Constitution," which, having been thoughorly overhauled at Lisbon, sailed from that port on Saturday last. She will proceed to New York and there discharge a small part of her cargo, and then go with the bulk of it to Philadelphia, from which city she originally sailed from France. The United States marines, whose presence at the great exposition was a marked feature of the American section, are upon the "Constitution."

The trial of Bertha Barger, who is charged with having caused the death by criminal malpractice of a young girl twenty-one years of age, named Cora Sammis, a farmer's daughter, of Northport, L. I., which has occupied the attention of the court for a week past, came to a close on Thursday evening, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a strong recommendation of mercy. The accused was remanded until Monday, when her counsel will make application for a new trial. Mrs. Barger took the verdict coolly.

Forty failures were reported for the month of March, in which the total liabilities amounted to $480,440 and the assets $211,754. Compared with the preceding month, the present shows a decrease in the number of eight and $430,000 in liabilities. During the month of March, 1878, eighty-five failures were reported, in which the liabilities amounted to $8,480,000. AUGUST.

New York, April 5, 1879.

Woman.

A woman, notwithstanding she is the best of listeners, knows her business, and it is a woman's business to please. I don't say that it is not her business to vote, but I do say that the woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth or beauty, or even manners, but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we do; and her first question after you have been talking your soul into her consciousness is, did I please? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel an time. Womanly women are very kindly critics, except to themselves and now and then to their own sex. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moments—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that makes an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns? At one moment she is microscopically intellectual, critical, scrupulous in judgment as an analyst's balance, and the next as sympathetic as the open rose that sweetens the wind from whatever quarter it finds its way to her bosom. It is in the hospitable soul of a woman that a man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time he is mesmerized by all those divine differences that make her a mystery and bewilderment.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A FEW DON'TS.—When you are out to dinner or tea, and the hostess invites you to the table, don't wait for the invitation to be repeated, as it is not only impolite on the part of the guest, but many of the dishes lose their relish. I had company a few days since, and they were called three times before they made their appearance in the dining-room.

When you are out calling with one of your thirsty children—and this is their usual condition—and your friend kindly offers to get you a glass, don't say "the dipper is good enough; don't trouble yourself." This is no trouble to the neat house-keeper, for she has a strong preference you use the glass, for various reasons.

When you have spent a day with a friend who does her own work, and she has exerted every nerve for your pleasure, after she has washed her china, and her work done up, don't expect her to sit at the piano or organ all the evening and play until she is ready to fall from the stool. And during the day (unless invited by her) don't go into her kitchen and ask a hundred questions. There are very few whom we welcome in our kitchen. Old-fashioned house-keepers seldom do this; only those who depend upon girls know the terrible annoyance of this intrusion.

He had broken his promise to marry the girl, and her father wanted a money consideration to help heal a wounded heart. The young man said he would consider a reasonable proposition. "Well then," said the irate father, who was seeking justice for his daughter; "young man, how does a dollar and a half strike you?"—*Turner Falls Reporter.*

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor on Sunday evening; but she did not think anything about it until Monday morning, when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying, "Darling Susie! darling Susie!" He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The result of the extra session, or its probable duration, can be no better foretold now than it could last week. A rather tedious discussion of the army bill has consumed the time in the House, while the Senate is leisurely waiting for something to do. Mr. Garfield's speech on the legislation proposed by the Democrats, prohibiting the use of troops at the polls on election days, is the leading effort on the Republican side, and his friends have admired it rather profusely. Taken all in all, however, the effect was simply that of a piece of vigorous declamation. Whatever basis of truth it may have contained was exaggerated beyond the usual license of declamatory rhetoric, while some of its statements are not borne out by the facts. But the worst of it all is that, even had all his statements been true history, they would have come with a better grace from any other mouth than Garfield's, inasmuch as his own previous declarations and votes come within the scope of his denunciations. Not much more than a month ago Mr. Garfield stated, on the floor of the House, that the Republicans were ready to concede that the conditions requiring troops at the polls and the test oath no longer existed; and now he is engaged in an effort to make the proposition to repeal them appear revolutionary. But what use to look for consistency in a politician? They are about all alike in advocating what, for the time being, seems to serve the ends of their party. A prominent Republican, in private conversation with the correspondent of a leading independent journal, a day or two since, said: "We are all President-making. It is not a question whether these laws should or should not be repealed, but a contest for position in the Presidential race. Of course, we don't think there is any revolution about it, but we want to consolidate and unite the party." This is the thing in a nut-shell. The country is not effected one way or the other, but the Democrats are bound to repeal these Republican laws, and the Republicans are bound they shall not. The Democrats have both houses of Congress and can pass the acts, but the Republicans hope to sufficiently stiffen the spine of the White House to insure a veto. And it is all for party—all "President-making."

The Cameron-Oliver trial came to an end with about the result that had been anticipated—a verdict for the defendant. The case occupied two weeks, filtering an unusual amount of garbage through its proceedings, and the verdict is pretty generally indorsed by the public sentiment. Simon had already been bled enough by this bold, bad woman—and while he now escapes a judgment for damages, it has cost him a heavy expenditure of funds, and a smirching of character that few men of position would bear for any amount of money. The wonder is that a man of Simon Cameron's knowledge of the world, a man of his varied experience and extensive observation, should have become involved in such an affair. There is a moral to adorn this tale. So long as public men keep mistresses, so long will Washington be, as it now is, more or less infested with this class of adventuresses, and there certainly should be some way to prevent influential men from quartering these upon the Government. They should not be allowed to place them upon the pay-rolls of the various departments, where they draw the salaries that ought to go to respectable women with families to support. There are in the employ of the Treasury and other departments hundreds of worthy women and honest, charming girls, but they are constantly humiliated and contaminated by contact with the creatures whom Congressmen, Senators and others cause to be associated with them. It is a disgrace and a shame, and there ought to be some way to stop it.

While waiting for the appropriation bills to reach the Senate, the Wallace-Teller Committee are amusing themselves with looking up the means employed by Secretary Gorham to raise his campaign fund last year. There is a law against assessing Government employes, but it seems a pretty large fund was raised in this way. It is amusing to note the different bent of this Teller Committee, as it was, since its complexion changed. The other ox is being gored now. But such is politics.

DOM PEDRO.

Washington, D. C., April 4, 1879.

There are two things that Boston cannot get along without. These are baked beans and Joseph Cook. If the bean crop should fail and Joseph Cook should be called to occupy the proscenium box he believes to be reserved for him in Paradise, the city of Boston would probably surrender her charter and become defunct.—*Chicago Times.*

"Thank God for a free gospel!" said an old church member, suddenly carried away by the eloquence of the preacher. "Five and twenty years I have been a church member, and it has not cost me as many coppers." "May the Lord forgive your stingy soul!" said the preacher.

A man very much intoxicated was taken to the station-house. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend. "Bail him out!" exclaimed the other. "Why, you could not pump him out!"

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has finished her fifty-ninth novel.